

Rap Check

Yo Gotti

Nigga, I'm legendary, niggas better do they motherfucking research on me
(Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up)
For real

Shoutout to Birdman, he gave me my first rap check (Salute)
Slim gave me the game, gotta respect that (Respect)
I was right there with Wayne, back Carter 1
He had a Cash Money chain, shit, I wanted one

Cash Money always gon' be my family, nigga, know what I'm saying?
For real

I was still trapping back and forth to New Orleans (Yup)
I was half rapping, full-time selling kis (Trapping)
I was pistol packing, every day, it's on me (Scrap)
I was with the shit, you pull up, know I'm gon' squeeze (Blatt)
They was tryna indict me, so I moved to the A
I met Jeezy in '03, we was talking yay (Yup)
I wasn't in the hood, but still responsible for the chickens (How?)
I was sending loads to Memphis from Mexico City

Through FedEx, nigga, you hear me?
Yeah, we been getting loads in
Ain't shit changed, nigga
Real dope boy

Rest in peace to Nate (Dogg), took me to the stu' with Dre (Doctor Dre)
He ain't know I'm wanted for attempted murder case (Damn)
On the run, I ain't turning myself in (Fuck that)
Lawyer tryna make me cop a plea for the fifteen (Fuck that)
God willing, beat the case, I wouldn't have never been a rapper
Probably doing a hundred years in the slammer
Look at God, I'm in the Phantom
I put Nicki on "5 Star", she came hella hard (Remember)
First video she was on on 106 & Park (Facts)
You was excited 'bout being new joint of the day
Time flies, you a superstar now, congratulations

He said he'd give us a number one video, what is it?
Yo Gotti, "5 Star"

I start to go way back
In Ridge Crest with my seat back
With Yo Gotti and E-Mack
You recall Drake saying that?
And these niggas got diamonds glowing in they mouth
And they rocking furs like it's snowing in the south
Little did he know that we had birds in the drought
And I can make a million dollars selling crack rock out that house
Long story short, shoutout to Drake, he saw this shit his self
I was selling kis, no rap money, financing myself
I salute you, dog, everything you accomplished for yourself
This shit ain't easy, dog
Might be one of the best to ever do it, so you gotta ball
901, Range Line, look alive, look alive
Niggas know they play with me, I gun 'em down on this live
Disrespect me and get hit up, why the fuck you look surprised?

Out the way, tryna survive
Playing with me ain't really wise
I'm in the back of the 'Bach and I'm riding with fire (Yeah)
And the bitch on the side of me (Side of me) and the head was fire (Fire)
And they say they gon' ride with me, but I know it's a lie (I know it's lie)
And nobody gon' die with me, and nobody slide
2021, I'm still here (Here)
Yeah, this my GOAT year
Bought my masters back from Epic Records, that's a souvenir
I may break a bale down on a platinum plaque (Plaque)
This shit ain't no thrax
I may ship it back
I went platinum, I went gold (Gold)
The album and the stove
I just had a meeting with Lucien, talking gangster shit with Hov (Hello?)